

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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APRIL, 1935

No. 10

IN LOVING MEMORY
MRS. WILLIAM B. NICHOLS
DIED AT QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

MARCH 7, 1935

A FRIEND HAS PASSED AWAY

Library of the
UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

Beginning Cheerful Letter work with the organization of the Committee in 1887, her interest never waned, although failing health prevented active work in recent years.

We shall miss her cheering smile, her friendly hand-clasp, and her wise counsel. Her example shall ever be a challenge to those who remain to carry forward the work she loved.

"They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand.
They are not lost who find
The sunset gate, the goal
Of all their faithful years.
They are not dead who live
In hearts they leave behind.
In those whom they have blessed
They live a life again,
And shall live through the years
Eternal life, and grow
Each day more beautiful
As time declares their good,
Forgets the rest, and proves
Their immortality."

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

REV. JOHN MOORE

*"A woman came behind Him and touched
the tassel of His robe."*

LUKE VIII:44. (Moffatt.)

During Lent we meet in fellowship with all those who would cultivate the inner life. Let me brace your wills and inspire your thoughts and emotions with a picture—a woman pressing through the crowds that throng Jesus, if haply she might touch the tassel of His robe and be healed.

First, here we see crowd religion.

Thronging Jesus, but not touching Him!

How that hits the consciousness of our times! Every mind is modified by the pull of the common mind of the village, town or city. Men think in mass; many lives are mere thoughtless echoes of what they hear, weak imitations of what they see. Religion is an atmosphere pervading and permeating the mass around. We have been reared in Christian communities where churches have lifted their spires to the sky, melted into the heavens with a sigh, and exhaled the Gospel of Christ. We have, so to speak,

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sucked in religion with our mother's milk, inhaled the atmosphere of the Christian message. Many hundreds of people positively admire Jesus. And there are multitudes who cannot avoid pressing against Him.

Our Christian civilization rubs us up against Jesus, gives us the friction of his passing through it, the influence of his teaching, the glory of his ethical idealism.

But secondly, the picture reveals religion as a *personal possession*.

The woman pressed through the crowd and touched Jesus, and her touch was such as to draw into herself from Him *the power that she required*. A crowd may go in the direction of Jesus, but it cannot realize His power unless each one presses for a *personal participation*. We have a pathetic faith in the organization of life. The social organization of life is immensely important, but organization without the inward renewal of character means to court failure. Unions of every kind are rendered futile by the unfaithful members. A man may have an enthusiasm for public good, but it will not be very fruitful if he is careless of his own character. To work for brotherhood with bitterness in the heart, to work for industrial justice and not care about our own just portion of work, to agitate for national righteousness and to disregard our own individual unrighteous condition, to work for international peace and to harbor grudges, live at enmity with the foreigner next door, give rein to bad temper, be suspicious and distrustful—what are these things but to be lost in the crowd, to think that it is enough to be with the multitude that goes in a

certain way, without any *personal endeavor* to bring the ideal to bear on one's own individual contribution? You cannot build a good bridge and put questionable materials into it; neither can you build a desirable social edifice without living stones.

The danger today in religion is to be lost in the crowd. Do not be content to belong to a religious institution, make your own *personal contact* with the Lord of all Good Life. Don't be merely in the throng about Him, *press up close to Him yourself*.

For others Jesus was a great teacher able to bring counsel and advice.

Scores of men in business are today searching and scanning the teaching of Jesus to find help in their confusion and darkness. Doubtless the woman had been to many physicians for advice, but she came to Jesus with faith in His power to help. Do our captains of commerce and industry really wish to find help in their present distress? Then let them reach forth and touch but the hem of Christ's robe in this *true personal manner*, and the dusty deserts of commerce will become a highway for our God.

Christianity is more than a system of truth, it is a *vital and personal participation* in Christ's vision of God and the service of men.

Men in the mass have ceased to look for their principal good in the inner life; they are seeking it in things external to themselves—houses, lands, bills of exchange, minted gold, and heaps of accumulations. We are quite capable and very clever in this generation. But what does it all amount to if we cannot consciously relate our individual lives to the unseen realities of life?

Ask the great mass of people what they mean by the spiritual meaning of life, or whether it has a meaning and note their answer.

Professor Hocking in his "Theory of Participation," suggests that there is power in the world, but we must wield it to find out what life means and enter into its deep transformations. And if we do, it will not be a proof of our ability; but

rather it will prove our lack of faith if we do not work miracles with it. In religion we must for ever be aware of the fatal weakness which does not endeavor to translate the new-found faith into service that reveals undoubted loyalty to Christ. To secure the personal touch in religion and then to accept full spiritual responsibility for the experience is the great need of our times.

Legend says this woman was Veronica and lived at Caesarea Philippi. Eusebius says he saw her reputed residence, and at the front a group of statuary that represented her kneeling at the feet of Jesus who was stretching out His hand to her. Another tradition makes Veronica press through the crowd on the first Good Friday when Jesus was fainting beneath the burden of the cross, and give to Him a handkerchief to wipe His brow.

Can we do these this Lenten season?—kneel for Christ's touch, serve Him humbly and gladly as occasion demands.

—*Clipped.*

MY HAND IN THINE

Spirit Divine,

Save me from Myself:

From my Weaknesses:

From my Vanities:

From the wiles of Flattery:

From accepting that which is Pleasant, if thereby I may hazard the Real and the Permanent.

Make me to live in the faith that only the True is Real, and that only the Truth shall make me free.

Let me ever remember that the easy way is not always the wise and safe way, and perchance not the courageous way.

That if my life-path be sometimes by the thorn-road to tread it bravely, my hand in Thine, sure that Thou wilt lead me at last into green pastures by the still waters.

And beyond all else, let me drink deep of the joy of living and loving, and, through that great joy, know the happiness of making others happy.

Amen.

—Frederic A. Whiting.

LOVING THE HAND

BY ELIZABETH MERRIAM

I have part interest in two cats. Did I say I was part-owner? Oh no!—Nobody owns cats,—they own themselves.

One of these cats is a Persian, the son of a prize winner whose name is known to cat fanciers all over the United States. The pedigree of Topaz is so long and so good that I wonder that he has never called me a roughneck.

The other cat is a big yellow fellow with hazel eyes, and a white shirt that is always immaculate, a yellow collar button in the middle of it. He had no home for six weeks before he came to live with us: Taffy is just a common cat,—and we do not brag about his pedigree, but we think he has good blood because in most respects his manners are those of a gentleman of the old school.

Both animals have their breakfast of boiled haddock on the board that covers the set tubs in the kitchen. Neck and neck, the black and the orange rush past me when I open the door of the house. Usually the yellow cat gets there first.

But right here comes in the difference between these two,—herein lies the point that put me to shame. Taffy, as I said before, has no use for preliminaries: he soon finishes his portion and is ready, if I am not looking at him, to take a step forward and steal a bite from Topaz.

Not so the little Persian,—who, though equally hungry for the flakes of fish that I am putting down before him, lurches with exuberant affection against my hand and arm until I have taken it away.

A cat's "thank you," and it always pleased me. This morning he said it so sweetly, that it aroused a whole train of thinking within my ungrateful soul.

Grace before meals! This little animal says it. And I? I get down to business, when I eat,—and thank nobody! I am like the yellow cat, gobbling his boiled haddock, unmindful of the hand from which the good things come. I stand rebuked,—and have made up my mind to change my ways. Henceforth I intend to pause a minute before I eat, and say in my heart,—“Father, I thank Thee!”

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Dept. H, Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Mollie Craig, Bassetts, Va., wrote to the *Cheerful Letter* before she was married. Now she has four small children. She would be thankful for any kind of reading matter as the evenings are long and lonely.

2. I am an old lady, 75 years of age, so you see I am a shut-in. I get very lonely sometimes and would very much appreciate some books or fancy work, just anything to cheer a poor woman of the country. Mrs. Sallie Harman, Rocky-hill, Ark.

3. Mrs. Annabel Turner, Rt. 1, Higden, Ark., lives in a one-room log cabin with wooden windows, way up in the mountains. She has one child and tries to be cheerful in spite of the monotony of her life. Pictures, cards, and light reading would be very helpful to her.

4. We live far back in the country and have church services twice a month. My daughter has had asthma all her life until a few years ago and isn't very strong. It would be a great pleasure for her to get reading matter and needlework to do this winter. Because of my neuralgia, I have not been able to help with the outside work. Mrs. M. C. Hut-

chinson, Koch Ridge, Ark.

5. Mrs. C. C. Craig, Patrick Springs, Va., is a young mother with seven children. She would like to receive embroidery thread and sewing.

6. My children are 1, 2 and 3 years old and my 55-year-old husband is not very strong. It is cold up here in the mountains, and we would welcome a little cheer, such as thread, handwork, pictures or postcards. Mrs. Beadie Hall, Box 121, Buffalo Ridge, Va.

7. Miss Mary Bartold, Crabtree, Ark., is confined to her home and never has a chance to go anywhere. She would appreciate magazines, writing paper, or stamped pieces.

8. Not having any children, I am very anxious for something to do. If anyone would care to send me some pieces of silk, thread or needles, I should appreciate it very much. Mrs. Hazel Turner, Rt. 1, Box 55, Cleveland, Ark.

9. C. L. Lackey, Patrick Springs, Va., is not able to work but a very little. Most of the eight little children have been sick with the "flu," and would like scrapbooks, crayons, cards or writing tablets.

10. My husband has kidney colic which lasts him for weeks at a time, and would

be grateful for magazines or jig-saw puzzles. I should like some religious reading and some cook books. Mrs. Jerry Tyson, Rt. 2, Oakboro, N. C.

11. Miss Minnie Hopkins, Buffalo Ridge, Va., writes that she is 46 years old and has been weak and nervous all her life. She would be glad to receive bits of ribbon and thread, crochet cotton or books.

12. I am a little crippled girl, 14 years old, and there are ten children in the family. Would you please send me some stamped pieces to embroider, and something to interest the smaller children, such as pencils, paper, or pictures? Miss Gladys Rakes, Endicott, Va.

13. Mrs. Beulah Wright, Rt. 2, Bassetts, Va., says that her husband is in the hospital and she, herself, is not able to do much of her housework. She has seven children and her oldest daughter does most of the cooking and washing. She would like sewing materials and reading.

14. I sure do enjoy the *Cheerful Letter* and don't know what I would do without it. I have two boys, 14 and 15 years old, who love books and magazines. I have a bedspread started out of yarn and would be grateful if I could have some yarn to finish the other half. Mrs. Minnie J. Davis, Rt. 1, Maysville, Ky.

15. Mr. R. H. Williamson, c/o Starr Ranch, Austin, Colorado, is very lonely because of his extreme deafness. He is about 60 years of age and books, magazines or jig-saw puzzles would comfort him greatly, and add a little ray of sunshine to his necessarily small world.

16. I am 28 years old and have been married five years. My rheumatism and other ailments bother me a great deal. My doctors want all my teeth and tonsils removed but we cannot afford an operation now. I am lonesome and anything in the sewing line will be appreciated. Mrs. H. B. Craig, Rt. 2, Bassetts, Va.

17. There are five of us in the family and we live on rented land. I would be glad to receive anything which my two children could use in their schoolwork. Reading matter or fancy work would please me very much. Mrs. Howard Howell, Sturgills, N. C.

18. Mrs. Minnie Stewart, Scotland, Ark., has an invalid husband and seven children which keep her confined to the house. They would enjoy magazines, religious papers and good books.

19. I am a poor widow, 65 years old, living here and yonder where I can. My husband is dead and all of my children have left me. I would like reading, sewing material and pictures. Mrs. Judia Thomas, Rt. 2, Box 38, Polkton, N. C.

20. Mrs. R. C. Goates, c/o J. E. Pack, Rt. 1, Roswell, N. M., writes that she is far away from relatives and four miles from town. She would like to attend church but has no way of getting there. Scrapbooks, writing paper, or any kind of reading would help pass lonely hours.

21. I am a farmer's wife, from the lower part of Arkansas, and am shut in most of the time as it is so muddy and rainy. My husband is gone a great deal and I seldom see any one as there is no church or gathering here. I enjoy reading magazines and sewing. Mrs. Jessie Wilson, Rt. 3, Box 290, Parkdale, Ark.

22. Mrs. Pratt Treadaway, Rt. 1, Peachland, N. C., used to receive letters from the Exchange when she was a small child. Now she is 24 years old and married. They live out in the country, about four miles from church. She would greatly appreciate magazines, embroidery work, bits of thread, or any kind of cheer.

CHANGE OF NAME AND ADDRESS

Miss Addie Eanes is now Mrs. H. B. Craig, Bassetts, Va.

Mrs. J. B. Shepherd from Grayson to Hemlock, N. C.

ATTENTION—CHEERFUL LETTER CHAIRMEN

Chairmen or workers desiring regular correspondents should write to Department H, Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Please do not select regular correspondents from the Appeals or add names other than those given out at Headquarters. Any information regarding correspondents or appeals should be addressed to this Department.

GREAT THOUGHTS FROM THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND

VI. CHRISTIANITY, THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION

It seems fitting as a concluding word to a series of articles on "Great Thoughts from the Religions of Mankind" to speak of Christianity as the Universal Religion; such as St. Paul conceived it to be when he established the first Christian Church in Antioch and declared it to be "the Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth."

There are many good reasons for making this claim for the Religion of Jesus, but no reasons for making such a claim for a dogmatic Christianity.

We have a most remarkable tribute to Christ by a scholar of India—"The thing (he says) that strikes me about Christ is his imaginative sympathy. He entered into the experiences of men and felt for them. He could feel the darkness of the blind, the leprosy of the leper, the loneliness of the rich, the sorrow of the poor and the guilt of the sinner. And who shall we say that he is? He called himself the Son of Man. He also called himself the Son of God, we must leave it at that."

We find more universal truths expressed by Christ than by any one or all of the other religious teachers of Mankind.

The Christian Faith is not a racial religion; no such religion can become universal. Paul and the disciples uprooted Christianity from Jewish soil and gave it to the World; it has in it the best elements of eastern and western culture.

Christ, the long expected Messiah of the Jews, became the unexpected Messiah of Humanity; he was our first World Citizen and had a universal mind that endowed him with the divine gift of penetrating to the heart of man and the heart of the Universe. Christ has more adherents than any one of the other great religious teachers or leaders.

Christianity is the religion of the most progressive nations. As the English language seems to be spreading throughout the world, being perhaps the best and

final form of human speech, and winning its way on its own merits, so, in much the same way, the Christian Faith seems to be spreading throughout the world and may, and we believe will, eventually emerge as the best and final religion of Humanity; winning its way on its own merits.

We ought now to ask ourselves what did religion do for Jesus that it can do for all individuals and all nations? There are several outstanding things that religion did for Jesus. If Spinoza could be called the God-intoxicated man Jesus can better be called the God-inspired man. It would be appropriate to say of him that, "There is a spirit in man and the inspirations of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

In the first place then religion made Christ God-conscious; conscious of God as a spiritual presence in his own life and in the lives of others; conscious of God as Father and eternal Friend. Religion made his own life very sacred to him. It made the lives of men, women and little children very sacred to him. Religion made human relationships very sacred to him and it made human conduct just as sacred to him as human relationships, human lives; just as sacred as were his relationships to the Father. To wrong another in thought, word or deed was a sin against God.

Whatever else religion did for Jesus it gave him these valuations as the objectives and working philosophy of his life and furnished him with a spiritual dynamic power that has become the marvel of the Ages. The wonder is that the more we learn about Christ, the more we learn about our own lives; he is constantly revealing us to ourselves.

Emerson said that, "Christ was the only one in all history who estimated the true greatness of man." To him it was truth through personality; what the individual found to be true for himself he found to be true for all and what was good for one was good for all, and what was good and true for a nation was good and true for all nations. Thus we may say that community life is individual life

written large, national life is individual life written larger, and international life is individual life written still larger. The same laws, truths, honesty, justice, love and good will apply equally as well to international affairs as to individual affairs.

The great and eternal laws of righteousness dictate the conduct of nations as they dictate the conduct of individuals. After all is said it comes down to this: it is what I am to you, you to me, man to mankind and what mankind is to man, and what God is to us all that ought to be our highest concern as a society of individuals and as a society of nations.

Our supreme and glorious task it is to put all the reverence, justice, honor, love, faith and Christ-like service we possibly can into these relationships we sustain to each other as members one of another and as children of the larger Life. It will take years for mankind to establish a truly Christian Church and to realize the latent possibilities of a truly Christian Life. We pray that the church of the Universal Religion may be none other than "The Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth."

Rev. Frederic W. Smith.

ADOPTED BY THE SIOUX INDIANS

"Going native" is a phrase capable of many interpretations but to Reginald Laubin and his wife it means going Indian.

They tried it this past year as an elemental experiment in Indian culture.

Just imagine living in a tepee on the shores of Gardner Lake, Connecticut, cooking before an open hearth fireplace of field stones, sleeping on the ground in buffalo robes, bathing in the nearby waters and putting up with the sport and violence of the elements for more than six months from the middle of summer to the middle of winter!

All this the Laubins will tell you was done to acquire the aboriginal psychology which, as they understand it, comprises the ability to think as the Indians are supposed to think and to

accept the immediate exigencies of life as the Indians, under the modern dispensation, accept them.

Their acquisition of primitive psychology proved so acceptable to the Indians that the Laubins found themselves the adopted son and daughter of the Sioux through a formal ceremony that took place on the reservation at Standing Rock, S. D.

The Laubin's purpose in the metamorphosis from a civilized to an aboriginal way of living was to learn how to interpret the fast dying Indian race to the white man and incidentally, as it turned out, to interpret their ancestors to the Indians themselves. This rather unusual circumstance was brought about through the Laubins' knowledge of Indian ceremonial procedure, much of which has already faded from the memories of the red men living today.

The Laubins learned the authentic meanings of the songs, dances and ceremonies of the various tribes of Plains Indians from years of studying Indian lore and from association with some of the foremost authorities on the subject. At public exhibitions and at tribal gatherings they present the Indian in the heyday of his facial existence before the glorious romance, the color and the deep religious fervor of his nature was stunted by contact with the conquering white man.

Their dances and ceremonies show the Indian in his lighter moments when he danced for sheer love of rhythmic movement, and during more serious times, when his dances reflected great pathos or emotional frenzy.

Mr. Laubin's interest in Indian culture displayed itself when he was only a child at Lima, O., on the occasion of his first sight of two red men striding proudly about the streets of his native city in their gaudy trappings. He approached and asked them to teach him their dance steps. Delighted that some one was taking an interest in them they taught the little white lad all they knew and explained to him all they understood of their meaning.

In later years while Laubin was studying art at Norwich, Ralph Hubbard, son of Elbert Hubbard, brought his Indian pageant to Hartford. Whenever he found time to abandon his art young Laubin constantly sought out Hubbard and learned from him a considerable amount of the lore of the plains Indians and many of their dances.

Hubbard displayed enough interest in the youth to invite him to his ranch at Elbert, Col. Here with "Pike's Peak in the backyard" the Laubins took advantage of three months' contact with the fountainhead of Indian knowledge and association with the red men who visited his ranch. They came and danced the Sun, Victory and others of their famous dances before a limited and select audience among whom the Laubins were perhaps the most enthusiastic spectators.

"It was interesting to note," recalls Mr. Laubin, "that the old men of the tribe were the best dancers. To them it was a rite they had performed for years because they believed in it and loved it as the orthodox Christian does his religious ceremonies.

"To the young Indian who had attended Carlisle or other schools the performance was merely an entertainment.

"Indians do not dance wholly for relaxation and enjoyment, as do the whites. Their dances tell their life stories, the stories of the tribes. Each dance is primarily religious in conception. Even the social dances begin with a prayer. As we studied these ceremonies and their significance it became amazing to discover how many misconceptions the white man has of them.

"War dances, for instance, were rarely performed before going into battle but rather after the battle was over to express exultation and thankfulness to the good spirits and the Great Mystery who had led them to victory.

"Whenever fresh meat was needed at camp the tribes went through the gyrations of the buffalo or caribou dance according to the kind of game sought, the object being to enlist the aid of the

good spirits in obtaining the meat and strangely enough to appease the spirits of the animals about to be killed.

"One of the first things that turned the red man against the whites was the thoughtless slaughter of the buffalo for the sheer sake of killing. This greatly shocked the Indian who regarded the buffalo chiefly for its usefulness as a meat supply.

"The Indians were always magnanimous even to their fallen enemies as is aptly illustrated by the little understood scalp dance. This dance really illustrates, in addition to natural joy in the superiority of their arms and craft, an undertone of sadness for the departure from this life of their brave enemies.

"The dance is intensely exciting as the Indians perform it. The dancers gather in paint and feathers outside the camp. At an appointed signal they swoop down upon the populace brandishing their knives, yelling their threats hoarse and riding their ponies like the wind. Next they commence to tell by measures of the dance what occurred while they were on the war path. They demonstrate graphically how they brought down their enemies with hatchets and knives held tightly in clenched hands; how they swiftly struck and snatched the scalps of their victims. At the end of the dance there is always a sad chant to the memories of the fallen.

"The Sioux sun dance became notorious for the self torture involved. Certain candidates had skewers driven through the flesh of their chests to which were attached thongs by which the candidates were strung to the limbs of trees. Sometimes this practice was changed and instead of being left to dangle on the tree the candidates dragged heavy buffalo skulls at the end of the thongs.

"When the practice became known through missionaries the United States government issued a ban on such self-torture. It was regarded as a pagan orgy, whereas it was actually evidence of faith in the Great Mystery, for these Indians had a special reason for torturing themselves.

"The sun dance is primarily a festival of thanksgiving. It comes at midsummer when nature is clothed in its full beauty. In connection with this festival, which lasts for several days, there are special dances performed to show how loved ones recovered from sickness and to register gratefulness for being spared from death in combat with an enemy. Those who perform the ceremony do so in response to a vow made during a time of trial or before battle if everything went well. They inflict self-torture to indicate their faith in the Great Mystery for answering their prayers. In spite of the severity of the torture there is no record that any dancer ever suffered lasting effects or died from his wounds."

It was a knowledge of these dances and the tradition that they expressed that gave rise to the adoption of the Laubins into the tribe of the Sioux. The occasion was the gathering of the tribe for their annual convention at Standing Rock. The Laubins were there and at the cordial invitation of One Bull, chief of the tribe, joined 900 Indian friends in the grass, crow, buffalo, squaw and victory dances.

After a dramatic beating of drums One Bull introduced the strangers to the Indians. "They have come a long way from the land of the eastern ocean and of the rising sun, to see us," he chanted. "You see them clothed in the garb of our people but they belong to the white race."

This announcement created a stir among the tribesmen. Many of them deceived by their painted faces and the practiced ease of their dancing had mistaken the Laubins for Indians of another nation.

Then Chief One Bull went on: "I am going to take them into this great nation. To the young man I give my own name, Tatanka Wanjila; to the young woman, his wife, I give the name of Wiyaka Wastewin (Pretty Feather), which was that of my mother, Sitting Bull's sister."

There was another drum roll and a loud chorus of "Hows" from the surrounding circle of warriors.

"Now my friends and tribesmen," con-

tinued One Bull, "recognize these two people by the names I have conferred upon them. Ho, heceta! (It is well.)"

Chief One Bull and his wife exchanged small presents with the white couple and Mr. Laubin distributed tobacco among the drummers.

The final ceremony of the adoption was not without its tense moments for the Laubins. They were required to dance all alone before the critical eyes of hundreds of Indians. At length all joined in and the brief tension was relieved.

Shortly after, the Laubins journeyed to the Pine Ridge agency of the Standing Rock reservation. It was there they gradually gathered from the older Indians a knowledge of 37 dances, some of which have not been performed in the memory of any living white man. One night during a rabbit dance, an amusing satire of the white man's fox trot—Eagle Nation, a congenial old squaw, stepped forward and announced her intention of adopting them as her own children.

The following night the Laubins were moved to return the courtesy by giving a feast. They consulted an Indian friend about the proper menu. "What shall we serve?" they asked.

"Coffee with milk and sugar in it, and bread and crackers," was the answer.

Reginald Laubin was astonished. "Is that all?" he asked.

The Indian thought for a moment. "Well," he suggested, "if you want to make it a real feast you might add gravy." That was a concoction made of rice and raisins. Needless to mention the Laubins' feast went over big that night and firmly sealed their friendship with the Indians.

Today the Laubins are interpreting the Indian to the white man by means of dance recitals. "When I dance," says Mr. Laubin, "I try to forget I am a white man and steep myself in the story which I am telling in rhythm."

In the summer the Laubins, whenever possible, revert to the primitive, setting up their tepee in some woodland lot and living like the Indians.

William A. Troy in Boston Herald.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CORAL POLYP

CLARE MACDERMOTT

This is the story of a little Coral Polyp that lived with its family many fathoms down on the ocean's bed. The Polyp, which is spelled *p-o-l-y-p*, meaning "many in one," is really the little animal from which coral is made. The Little Coral of whom I speak lived very happily with his family at the bottom of the sea. In fact, they all grew on one stem and resembled a beautiful Coral flower. One day, however, the Little Coral found out that there was another world besides the ocean world in which he lived. It happened that a large, heavy object fell to the bottom of the sea right in front of his home. Like most little boys and girls, the Little Coral was very curious. He made up his mind to ask his neighbors, the fishes, what it was. Not long after, a large starfish swam past in search of an oyster bed.

"Mr. Starfish," he inquired, "what is that large, heavy object just in front of me?"

"An anchor," replied Mr. Starfish.

"What is an anchor?" asked the curious Little Coral.

"An anchor belongs to a ship," snapped Mr. Starfish, hurrying away, as he was anxious for his supper.

The Little Coral decided that he would wait until after his own supper and then try again. The supper of a coral Polyp is very different from ours. He has little waving arms or tentacles that reach out and grasp his food, composed of slimy substances floating round on the ocean. This he secretes and builds round his body like a shell. Soon after the Little Coral finished his supper, a beautiful Flounder swam past on one side—the way that Flounders swim.

"Mr. Flounder," asked the Little Coral, "what is a ship?"

Mr. Flounder was taken by surprise.

"A ship—er—er—is something built out of wood and steel, in which people sail." He then swam hastily away, in case the Little Coral should ask him a question he couldn't answer.

The poor Little Coral was still at a loss, for he didn't know what Mr. Flounder meant. He probably would have been wondering until this day, only that a good-natured Lobster crawled up.

"Mr. Lobster," he cried, "please tell me what a ship is!"

Mr. Lobster, who was very old and wise, told him all about ships, and the people who built them and lived in the world above. The Little Coral listened and became very anxious to see the wonders described to him.

"I'd stay right here, if I were you," said the sensible Mr. Lobster, who was well content with the sea bottom. "The people up there have their work to do, and your work is here helping to build coral islands."

But the Little Coral continued to be dissatisfied and constantly longed to see the world far above him.

One day, when he and his family were talking, as usual, about the land they had never seen, a diver suddenly appeared and dragged them from their home up to the top of the ocean with him.

"See what a lovely Coral flower I have found!" he said to his companions. But as the tiny marine builders cannot live above the surface of the water, the Little Coral never knew that his wish had been gratified.

What happened to the Little Coral shows us that we often long for things we should not have. It would have been better for him if he had remained in his own home at the bottom of the ocean.

The diver, however, was pleased with his find, and sold it to a jeweler. The jeweler made it into a necklace, and gave it to his own little daughter Dorothy. Dorothy, a pretty little girl with lips as red as her necklace, wore it happily. One day she said:

"Daddy, I wonder how this Coral came to be made into my necklace!"

The Little Coral, of course, could not tell her, but some day she may read this story and find out.

—*The Christian Register.*

AREN'T YOU?

MARJORIE DILLON

It's time to get your marbles out
And play a game or two;
The wind is playing tag today,
The sun plays peek-a-boo.

It's time to organize a team
For baseball—hip-hooray!
So get your mitt, your bat and ball,
We'll start right in today!

The girls are out on roller skates;
They shout like everything;
And so do we—we feel so good!
Oh, aren't you glad it's spring?

THE LITTLE RABBIT WHO HAD
HIS WISH

EMMA FLORENCE BUSH

Little Cottontail Rabbit chewed up the last of his big red apple, wiggled his little rabbit nose and wished for more.

"I wish, I wish," he said aloud in rabbit language.

"I know what you wish," said a snappy voice behind him. Cottontail jumped and looked around.

Old Yellow Eyes, the Snapping Turtle, was watching him. "I know what you wish," he said. "You wish you could always have all that you want to eat."

"Why," said Cottontail in surprise, "that is just what I have wished over and over. To have plenty of apples and carrots and turnips, and lettuce and not have to keep looking around all the time I am in the gardens to see if some one is ready to jump on me."

"Well," said Old Yellow Eyes, "why don't you go to the Wishing Gate? If you go there and wish, your wish will come true. Never again will you have to work to get your food because you will always have all you want to eat, a nice place to sleep, and you will always be safe from harm."

"Where is it, oh, where is it?" cried Cottontail. "I will tell all my family and we will go!"

"Hist!" said Old Yellow Eyes, speaking softly. "Don't speak so loud. The Wishing Gate isn't for everyone, and only one

can go at a time. Why don't you go first? Then if you like it you can tell the others."

"All right," answered Cottontail. "I won't tell anyone, but where is it? I will start at once."

"Through the apple orchard," answered Yellow Eyes, "across the edge of the barnyard and then you will see under some trees a little white gate. Walk right in, shut your eyes and your wish will come true."

"Thank you, kind Mr. Turtle," said Cottontail, and away he went as fast as his short legs would carry him.

Old Yellow Eyes watched him out of sight. "There is one little rabbit that won't bother me any more," he said, as he drew himself into his shell, and made ready for a nap.

Cottontail went as Yellow Eyes had directed him until he came to the little white gate. He shut his eyes and went inside. Click, click, click! and the little white gate was shut and poor little Cottontail could not get out although he ran and ran around the wire box that he had entered.

Soon a man came along with a bag. He opened the wire white gate, and picked up poor Cottontail, who thought his last hour had come. Then the man turned to a little girl who was with him.

"Here is your rabbit," he said. "We will take him home with us. Tomorrow perhaps we will get another."

He put Cottontail in the bag and carried him away. Soon the little rabbit found himself in a pretty little rabbit house with a nice yard around it and plenty of good things to eat, but strange as it may seem, Cottontail did not feel hungry. Things did not taste as they used to in the fields and woods. He missed running through the tall green grass with the blue sky over his head and he missed the romps with his older brothers and sisters.

At last Father said: "Little Girl, it is no use. Little wild rabbits cannot be made into pets. If we don't let him go he will die. See, the poor little thing is heartsick for the big outdoors where he has always lived."

Father lifted little Cottontail in his arms and carried him gently across the barnyard, through the apple orchard and laid him on a pile of new-cut grass at the edge of the orchard. Then he and Little Girl watched.

At first Cottontail was very still. He was afraid to move for fear it might be a dream and he would wake up in the rabbit house again, but as he felt the soft breezes blowing on him, and the tender grass under him, he raised his head and looked around. Yes, he was in the dear old orchard again. Over there in the long grass was home and mother and his brothers and sisters. He sat up very straight, then he began to run and jump, faster and faster until once more he was home where he belonged.

How glad his mother and all his brothers and sisters were to see him and what stories he had to tell them! Over

and over he warned them never to listen to Old Yellow Eyes and his stories of the Wishing Gate.

—*The Christian Register.*

DUSK

The little birds cease their twittering—
Their melodious voices are still—
For the dusk is slowly creeping
Over every valley and hill.

The flowers have closed their petals,
Their fragrance no longer they shed,
For the dusk has made them sleepy
And has put them early to bed.

Dusk! 'Tis the time of day we love,
When God somehow seems more near;
Like a benediction it settles down
Upon His children here.

—*Dorothy Campbell.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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